

THE FRESHMAN CREW OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE GIRLS ON THE LAKE.



WELLESLEY COLLEGE BLOOMER CREW.

A Spin on the Lake
with the Pretty Athletes
in Their 8-Oar Shell.

Wellesley College never looked more beautiful than it did last week.

Lucky waters of Lake Waban! What other sheet of water in all the world was ever so richly blessed? For here, beneath the caves of the pretty boathouse, the first female crew in America was formed. Here the dainty Wellesley athletes come after the dull monotony of recitations, to drill and frolic in the water and exchange confidences within its safe hearing; and here, one day in early Spring, the daring athletes shocked the blue waters of old Waban by appearing in bloomers of an unmistakably knickerbocker cut, topped with snow-white sweaters, and footed with green-ribbed hose and rubber ties. Everyone was a bit shy at first, but soon this wore away.

Rowing at Wellesley was innovated as a branch of athletics, not as a rival sport between itself and other colleges, and hence, instead of spending time, money and energy upon the perfect equipment of eight young oarswomen, each class has its own crew of eight, with an emergency crew of eight more. This scheme enables sixty-four girls to get the benefit of training. These girls are the pick of all the students, and it would be hard to gather a more splendid set of young women than the crews comprise.

Wealth or social prestige count for nothing when the crews are selected. It is the girl with the fine physique, the firm wrist, a well developed muscle who wins a place in the eight-oared shell and becomes the envy of the less fortunate.

The present freshman class has as yet formed no crew, but the aspirants drill daily in the gymnasium, rehearsing the stroke and preparatory work, and practicing in the rowing machines.

If any one believes that new women are "born, not made," he shouted, go to the Wellesley "gym" and watch the freshmen take their first lessons in the art of rowing. The Wellesley gymnasium is not all it should be. No benevolent person with sporting proclivities ever said thoughtful things about Wellesley in his will. So the inadequate gymnasium is used by one set of athletes at a time, and ever and anon, while the elevating sport of trapeze jumping or work on the horizontal bars is lifting the soul of downtrodden woman to rosy realms of advancement, the savory odor of corned beef and cabbage is wafted in from the kitchen adjoining. Sordid traditions of this nature, however, have little effect upon the Wellesley athlete.

THE STRIFE FOR HONORS.

Twenty-four members of the freshman class are at present striving diligently to be elected members of the crew. Twice a week they drill, first on two long wooden structures made to imitate twelve-oared shells, and then in the rowing machines.

Miss Lucille Hill is the coach, and, indeed, it was through Miss Hill's efforts that the first crew was formed. Her methods are a combination of those pursued by the Yale, Harvard and Oxford crews, and her energy in instilling these methods into the minds and graceless movements of the Freshman girls, is spirited and untiring. During the past week I have spent much time watching Miss Hill in her gymnasium work and surely, if she had not been compelled to support the dignity of a natty, masculine pair of bloomers, she must have stamped her foot many times and ejaculated pettishly, "Oh, dear; you are just too dreadful." But she didn't.

Miss Hill assured me in a chat I had with her personally that text books and recitations, with embroidery and crackers and jam for recreation, was a life to shatter the most robust constitution, and that no class of women on earth were so utterly

indifferent to their bodies and personality as the college student.

"When they first come," she said, "they are young girls with forming characters and usually good constitutions. By the time the sophomore year comes round their heads are well filled with classics, but their shoulders are bent, their step is listless and their whole bearing and personality anything but classic."

NO RIVALRY—JUST ATHLETICS.

"My aim has not been to create any rivalry whatever among the students or the crews, and I believe that Wellesley is delightfully free from any such sentiment. Feats of athletic skill and exhibitions of strength are also outside our object. What we do aim at is to keep the girls' physical beings on a par with their intellectual beings, and I believe that in no way can we accomplish this result so positively as through the medium of boat crews. All the muscles develop benefit from rowing, and we are blessed with unusually fine facilities here."

Then Miss Hill assured me that no racing was contemplated, although she had just organized a crew of young ladies at Cornell. In this I was disappointed. Could it be possible that true little sportswomen who were sufficiently advanced to wear scant bloomers and sufficiently brave to trust themselves with their sister sports could be content to paddle around over the tranquil waters of their own lake and let Cornell's rival crew paddle around in theirs without one thought of a race, without one rosy dream of pulling a long stroke past the line of the adversary, amidst the cheering from shore, or without one vision of a trophy—a great silver loving cup, perhaps, such as Yale has in its trophy room, with the date and names of the winning crew inscribed thereon? I decided that the girls were the best authority upon their own feelings, and went over to the dormitory of the junior crew. The captain received me in a creation of mail and lace and ribbons.

It was a terrible shock to me that gown. I had hoped the captain, at least, was above such flippant femininity. She was pretty, too, with pink cheeks and fluffy hair. I had anticipated so much of the Captain.

"We have not been out this season yet," she said.

"Could I manage it? Hardly think so. The shell needs some repairing, and I doubt if the girls have their suits all in order. Besides, I would have to give them notice; they might want a little time to prepare."

"So," I said thoughtfully, "I suppose girls' crews are quite different from men's; it takes some time to stir up their enthusiasm to the proper pitch, I presume?"

The captain's eyes flashed dangerously. I was delighted. She was decidedly pretty when her eyes flashed.

"The girls," she replied, with the splendid dignity of a bona fide captain, "are filled with enthusiasm. That is a quantity in the crew of '97 that needs no replenishing. I will paste a notice to-night for a meeting to-morrow, and unless recitations interfere which cannot be cut, I believe they will comply with your request."

Then I reluctantly left the pretty captain, with the flushed cheeks and enthusiasm, and that night, in Stone Hall, an interesting, excited little crowd gathered about a notice, which read as follows:

"The junior crew is hereby notified that

the first practice on the lake for this season will take place to-morrow at 4:15 p. m., by order of Grace N. Laird, captain."

That night I was royally entertained by a dozen college girls, with the wicked repast of crackers and jam and warm lemonade, and survived until 4:15 the next day, when I went over to the boathouse.

HERE WAS A PRETTY SIGHT.

Here as pretty a sight as one could see awaited me. The captain stood, with one foot on the plank and the other perched upon the edge of the boathouse, waving a green sailor cap, trimmed with a band of gold braid. Her costume consisted of green cloth bloomers, green ribbed hose and rubber ties, white sweater, with "97" embroidered in gold, and the daintiest sort of Norfolk jacket of green cloth.

"Yo ho!" she called, "I say, if you'll come right over here, you can follow us around in the boat with the coach."

I was delighted to go right over there, and the coach and I rowed off a little distance and awaited the appearance of the shell and the captain's crew. In a moment eight pairs of feet pattered along the low rafters beneath the boathouse, and stood in a row. From our position we could see nothing but rubber ties and green ankles.

"Attention, crew," came the clear voice of the captain over the water. We couldn't see the attention, but it was doubtless given.

"Raise the boat!"

Eight pairs of white hands were visible beneath the rafters, the shell was raised, the water dumped out, and the boat again lowered. Then eight feet went down in the centre of the boat, eight mates followed, and slowly the shell was pushed out, each girl ducking her head and giving the rafters a push as she emerged.

Then came the coxswain's order to take oars and get ready to row. Every girl grasped her oar and leaned over in position. They were all in the white sweaters and sailor caps, and as they sat there awaiting further orders, every back bent to the same angle, every eye on the coxswain's face; the sun, which had been under clouds all day, burst out in radiant approval of

the crew's Spring opening, and a chorus of cheers came from the students on the boathouse balcony. No prettier picture was ever exhibited by varsity crews on a race day, and a loud clapping of hands followed the first burst of applause.

The blushing crew seemed on the verge of confusion. But the coxswain saved them. And what is a coxswain for but to come to their rescue, and steer them over dangerous ground?

"Attention, crew!"

Attention was given with zest. "Ready to row—shoot—catch—shoot—catch—catch!"

Over the blue water the shell went skimming, the coach and I keeping well to the stern. Not a word was said among those sturdy oarswomen until the boathouse and its admiring throng were indistinct in the distance. Then the sympathetic coxswain shouted "Relax!" and the crew rested on their oars.

A DESERVED COMPLIMENT.

"Bravo!" said the coach. "Girls, you're doing finely. I thought you might have forgotten how."

"Not we," they replied.

"Why, do you know," said one, "my muscles are actually soft. I really dreaded to try it to-day."

"I feel like silk," said another. "I wish we might stay out an hour or two."

"We can't do that," said the captain quickly, "but we really must practice a great deal this term."

"The senior crew is very strong this term," remarked the port stroke.

"I hear Cornell has a crew," said the stroke, with assumed nonchalance.

I shot a sidelong glance at the eight faces above the white sweaters. They were all pretty, and all flushed.

"I wonder," said another, whose blond Psyche was half tumbling from the exertion of the recent sport, "I wonder what sort of stuff they're made of?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said the coxswain, gazing up the river Cornell-ward.

"Wouldn't you like to?" I asked simply, following the direction of her gaze. Then everything was very quiet and the port stroke coughed.

"You see," said the captain, "racing is a

little outside the path laid out for us."

Several strokes sighed in unison.

"It's too sporty," remarked a demure brunette, flecking a bit of dust from her bloomers.

"And unmaidenly," added a girl with close-cropped hair and a great deal of sparkle in her eyes.

"Yes," assented several. "It would be quite impossible—racy, you know."

"And wicked men might place bets on us—fancy!" said another.

I smiled admiringly at the crew before me. They were trying so bravely to convince themselves.

"Girls," I ventured frankly, "look here. Do you mean to say you wouldn't like to show the crews who follow the example you set, and the people in whom you are interested, just how much your training has amounted to? Do you mean to say you wouldn't like to show the Harvard boys, over the way, who have revelled in your fond admiration so often, just what girls can do? And do you mean to say that you wouldn't like to pull up before the boathouse, after just such a proof of your skill, amidst cheers of approval and admiration, and receive as yours, because you won it, a great silver loving cup, of the three-handled variety, perhaps, with laurel leaves engraved upon it and maybe a gold lining, and place it in the Milton room, to be the idol of Wellesley, and—"

I hadn't the heart to go on. The pretty faces were so appealing when they smiled, and the brave little forms beneath the white sweaters looked so crushed.

THE WOMAN OF IT.

"Oh, dear!" said the port stroke, using her idle hand to brush back her curls, and then everybody else said or sighed, "Oh, dear!" and the coxswain pulled herself up with a feeble little jump and said, "Attention, crew," as if she were swallowing a big lump.

"Attention, crew!" the coxswain called quickly.

"Ready to row; catch—shoot; catch—shoot; catch!"

Eight white arms plied the water with diligence; eight happy faces were turned in a smiling adieu, and the shell turned the curve and made for the boathouse.

L. H.

ANOTHER ANCIENT GOSPEL FOUND.

The Latest Treasure from
the Famous Old Convent
on Mount Sinai.

Biblical scholars in Europe have been excited by news of a discovery recently made in Asia Minor, of a beautiful copy of the gospels, dating back to the sixth century. This ancient document has taken its place in the very limited category of original bible manuscripts now in existence.

But in one respect it is far more precious than any other. It is not only complete in every page and line, but it is as fresh and legible now as if it were almost new, and it is an example of rich embellishment not surpassed by any other similar document on earth.

This newly discovered copy of the gospels is a marvel of exquisite workmanship and the antiquarians who have examined it assert that its manufacture must have occupied at least a quarter of a century of painstaking labor. Its pages are made of the thinnest of vellum.

It is a quarto volume and there are two columns on each written page. The pages are dyed an exquisite royal purple, which is delicate but brilliant.

It is in the writing, however, that this precious volume is unique. The letters are written in gold and silver.

Every one of the proper names, including those of saints and holy places, is written altogether in gold. The abbreviations, of which there are many in the book, are likewise written in gold.

The rest of the text is altogether of silver. The precious metals used in this lettering are as bright and untarnished to-day as when the original writing was done a few hundred years after the death of the Saviour, by some devout monk who was an artist in his line.

This volume was evidently made to withstand the effects of time, by one who well knew the best materials to use. The vellum of which the leaves are made was carefully chosen sheet by sheet.

The binding was done with the strongest of thongs. The covers are heavy and solid. The whole was well calculated to keep out dampness and to resist the attacks of moths, book-worms or other insects.

The author, working on his labor of love in some lonely monastery, and spending perhaps a lifetime in the production of this exquisite manuscript, so well performed his task that his writings have come down to this nineteenth century clearer, more legible and better preserved than any document in existence, written within six hundred years of the same time. Hidden away in the dusty recesses of an ancient convent, it has now turned up to excite the wonder of antiquarians and pique the curiosity of biblical scholars.

The latter are looking forward to its translation with eagerness. Translating the ancient manuscript will be a long and laborious work.

The old book is still in Asia Minor, and the news of its discovery in this splendid condition only reached Constantinople a few weeks ago. It was stated at the same time that the precious manuscript had been secured by the Russian Government.

It will, it is expected, be placed in the great Russian National Museum alongside

the celebrated Codex Sinaiticus. The latter contains parts of the Old and New Testaments and was published by the Czar, who procured it from the antiquarian Tischendorf.

It is a significant fact that Tischendorf discovered the Codex Sinaiticus in the identical convent in which this new and richer gospel manuscript has just been found. That is the celebrated Convent of St. Catherine, on the summit of Mount Sinai.

This old convent, which is 1,400 years old, stands close to the scene of the miracle of the burning bush, and is a veritable mine of biblical manuscripts. There, but three years ago, two women from Cambridge, England, discovered by accident an ancient scroll which, upon translation, turned out to be a story of the gospel in Syriac, and thought to have been written soon after the death of the last of the apostles.

These fourlets had taken some photographs of the ancient writing, which was unintelligible to them. Returning to England, the pictures fell into the hands of an Oriental scholar, who at once recognized the ancient Syriac, in which he deciphered many of the names of the apostles.

A second expedition to Mount Sinai was thereupon organized, when the whole manuscript was photographed. The monks of the Convent of St. Catherine refused to let the old writing leave their possession.

The subsequent laborious transcription of the manuscript from the photographs then taken at once disclosed the great value of the find. Biblical scholars throughout the world learned with amazement that this secluded monastery, which, in 1859, had made the surprising revelations discovered by Tischendorf, contained a store of ancient documents that had never been deciphered.

Professor Bensley and Mr. Rendell Harris, of Cambridge, told how its vaults were stored with scrolls, parchments and papyrus that had not apparently been disturbed for a thousand years. They learned from the monks how the monastery, the strongest fortified holy building in Asia Minor, had received for safe keeping sacred papers threatened by popular disturbances early in the Christian era.

These manuscripts had been left in the vaults and secret cells of the monastery and never called for. Neither Tischendorf nor the Cambridge professors overhauled the convent's entire stock of manuscripts, which the monks seemed reluctant to disclose.

Scientific men and antiquarians were at once aroused by the discovery of the Syriac manuscript three years ago. Expeditions were organized to go to Mount Sinai and make a thorough inventory of all the literary treasures of the building.

It was one of these expeditions that unearthed the Gospel manuscript whose discovery has just been announced. The convent is managed by monks of the Greek Church, over whom the Russian Government has authority, and in this way the manuscript fell into the hands of the agents of the Czar, although it is announced that European and American universities are endeavoring to procure it.



The Sixth Century Bible Manuscript from Mount Sinai.